

PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME III.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31 1902

NUMBER 9.

Money to Loan! Money to Loan! On Town or Farm Property.

We can give you a STRAIGHT loan on town or farm property. Terms to suit borrower. No shares. Low interest. When you want a loan call on or write to

Real Estate,
Loaning,
Fire and Life Insurance.

J. D. SKINNER,
Lacombe.

Our Business Is Repairing Watches and Clocks

If you have a time piece that has been giving you trouble bring it to us.—We'll fix it.

Special Attention to Cleaning and Repriring.

Full Stock of
FINE JEWELRY.
Always on hand.

H. McDERMOTT.



Look Here! Large Stock of Grain Sacks

Just Received.
Selling at Low Figures.

A fine line of men's snag-proof Rubbers.—Prices will surprise you.

Our Stock of Groceries
are of Very High Quality.

Car Flour just arrived. Call and get prices on winter supply.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

F. E. Alnar & Co.
The Postoffice Store.

John Simington

CARPENTER

—AND—
CONTRACTOR

...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...

Estimates Cheerfully Given...

...All Work Guaranteed.

CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

A SATISFIED MAN.

A Former South Dakotan Writes
of His Experience in Alberta.

The following is an extract from a letter from Matt Schiele who a little over a year ago settled in the Dried Meat lake district near Duhamel, coming from Charles Mix Co. S D. He is personally known to us as a steady, industrious citizen—the sort that will prosper in, and develop a new country.

Duhamel, Oct. 12, 1902
Eugene Rhian,
Ponoka, Alta.

Dear friend:—I intended to have written you before but have been too busy building up a home in this country to find much time to write to my friends.

I found bad roads getting here last fall and a tough time I had in building a house and barn after the winter had commenced. But I am satisfied in coming to this country. I have got a good location. Crops grow well here, immense quantities of hay. Water and fuel are plentiful and what more would a man wish for. I think this is a beautiful country to build up a home in. I must not forget to tell you I have a bunch of about 30 head of cattle which look as fine as any of the graded herds in South Dakota. I have one full blood animal amongst them, also a few graded cows. I raised a fine colt from that grey mare I brought up here. My neighbors unite with me in claiming it to be the nicest colt we ever saw. My friends in South Dakota prophesied to me when I left there that I would be sorry for leaving and they expected soon to see me return. But they will look in vain if they are looking for me back. They can't talk South Dakota any more for me after I once got my eyes on Alberta. I prefer burning this nice dry wood in place of that South Dakota coal which was found on the top of the ground.

Yours very truly
MATT SCHIELE.

Announcements, Invitations.

Among the new type faces just put in is included a couple of fonts of the latest in fancy scripts, especially adapted for wedding cards, invitations, announcements, etc. Try us for anything you need in this line.

To Our Subscribers.

In view of the late expenditure of money in the additions to the HERALD plant we are compelled to urge upon our subscribers for a remittance of all overdue accounts. A great many subscriptions expired on September 1 and still remain unpaid. A payment of all arrearages by the first of December will be very greatly appreciated. These sums are separately small but in the aggregate amount to a considerable sum.

Attention.

I have secured an exclusive agency in the National Trust Company for Ponoka and vicinity. I will negotiate your farm loans for you at the very lowest and safest rate of interest. Will take up deferred payments on C. P. R. or Indian reserve lands. Loans made for five years with optional payments after two years.

CLINTON C. REED

For Sale.

Forty acres, 2 miles from town all in cultivation, fenced, first class land, good buildings, clear title. Price \$1000, half cash, balance in one year. W. D. PITCAIRN
Real Estate Agent
Ponoka.

Dont Forget It!

Fairley's have the Largest
Assortment of Rubber
Goods in Town.

Overshoes for men, women and children. Snag proof rubbers for men and boys. Rubber boots for men and boys. Shoe packs, oil tan for men and boys. These goods were bought before the advance in rubber goods and will be sold at a close margin. We have also a large stock of men's all-wool underwear which we are offering at very low prices. A full stock of mitts and gloves, fur caps and cloth caps.

Always Something to Interest You
at Fairley's

Best Price Paid for Choice Butter
and Fresh Eggs.

CALL AND SEE US.

Fairley & Co.'s

STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.

A CARLOAD
JUST RECEIVED FROM
McClary's, London.

Call and see us and get prices
if you want any kind of a stove
or range.

NOTHING LIKE THE FAMOUS "SUNSHINE" EURNACES.

Yours for
Trade...

W. H. SPACKMAN. Ponoka.

GEO. B. HENWOOD.
ADVOCATE.

Wetaskiwin, - - - Alberta.

Will be in Ponoka WEDNESDAYS.

Office with Arnold & Christie.

All Legal Business Promptly Executed

THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country, especially with reference to advertising rates on application.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSING AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:

Monday and Friday 1:45 p. m.

Thursday 3:00 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSING

Tuesday, Thurs., Sat. 10:45 a. m.

Wednesday and Friday 10:30 a. m.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.

E. E. ALGAR, P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH

Monday, Wed., & Friday 14:50 p. m.

Tues., Thurs., & Sat. 16:25 p. m.

GOING SOUTH

Monday, Wed., & Friday 10:20 a. m.

Tuesday, Thurs., & Sat. 11:10 a. m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Services at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited. THOS. P. PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

CHAS. PATCHETT.

UNDERTAKER.

Full stock of Funeral Goods.

Prices Moderate.

PONOKA ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE

UNDERTAKER.

Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.

PONOKA ALBERTA.

ANGUS A. DRINNAN.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.

PONOKA ALBERTA.

FRATERNAL.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.

WILLIAM M. JONES, Chief Ranger,
EUGENE RHIAN, R. S. & F. S.

JOHN C. RATHBUN.

Carpenter..

AND

..Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

PRICES RIGHT.

WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta.

W. D. PITCAIRN

Notary Public, Conveyancer, Auctioneer.

Naturalization Papers including Registration \$2.00.

Money to loan on improved town and farm property.

No Delay. Terms Reasonable.

CHAPMAN AVENUE.

Ponoka Alberta.

Local and General.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Job work at the HERALD office. Neatness and a patch our motto.

H. Heston's residence in the north end of the village is nearing completion.

James Brown has moved into W. N. Trimble's small house on Smith avenue.

Mrs. Wm. Lundy, of Innisfail, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Dodd, left for her home yesterday.

A good deal of sickness among the children of the community is reported. Bad colds with slight fever is the prevailing ailment.

A tight high board fence is a marked improvement in the Royal Hotel premises this week, the work being done by G. M. Williams.

A short letter to the writer from F. E. Robertson at Wagner, S. D., states that he expects to look up a location in the state of Washington. We'll not be surprised to see Frank back in Alberta before the leaves bud again.

E. Woodman, organizer for the C. O. F., was here a couple of days the first of the week. Ponoka has grown so since he was here last June that Woodman became lost on one of our streets and required the aid of a brother Forester to straighten him in his way.

Albert Sage has been "rounding up" some of the delinquents in school taxes having been placed in his hands for collection by the board. He has met with encouraging success. Not many men will object to paying their school taxes, though some may neglect paying them promptly when due.

Cole & Linton have completed the painting of Detlef Behern's fine residence south of town. The colors are cream, white and Indian red and the building presents a very attractive appearance. The structure is 26x28, two stories and makes a commodious and imposing dwelling.

W. V. Bennett, Canadian immigration agent at Omaha, Neb., arrived Friday. He is spending a few days looking after immigration interests in the country. Ponoka is pleased to know that Mr. Bennett intends to soon give his personal attention to business interests in our village.

Our job department has just turned out a large order of cards for the New Alberta House which the proprietress is having distributed among prospective landseekers in the states. Mrs. Shary is enjoying a good patronage and if hustling will secure it she will evidently continue the same.

Captain D. F. Binkley left Tuesday morning for an extended trip through the States. He goes to Omaha, St. Louis and other places then to his old boyhood home at Wooster, Ohio, where his father still resides. He will return in a few weeks bringing his aged parents with him, both of whom are upwards of eighty years old.

F. C. Case is again in possession of the Ponoka meat market, he having repurchased it from A. L. Fairfield Saturday. Case has been in the butcher business a good while and did not feel at home out of it. Uncle Billy Huscroft handles the cleaver and saw in his usual pleasant manner. Mr. Fairfield and partner, W. Warnock will soon open up a gents' furnishing store.

No steps have yet been taken by the business men toward repairing the grade at the bridge mentioned by us in our last issue. Ponoka will be up against the same thing next spring that she has been the past two springs only with more and stronger forces working against us. Perhaps our people are like the Arkansas man who put no roof on his house—when it rains we can't fix the grade and when it don't rain we don't need any.

P. Horn's house is nearly finished.

Threshing gangs are kept busy these fine days.

Mr. Holmes, of Geneva, Neb., was a visitor at J. W. Christie's Wednesday.

Detlef Beherns and Marx Seibkin spent the past ten days erecting buildings on their homesteads in the Willow Creek country.

Fred Miller left Saturday for Ontario. He and his brother recently purchased a half section of land from Henry and Robert Dick, and he expects to return in the early spring.

John Bocz, of Wetskiwin, came down Monday to get some stray horses which he recovered through an ad in the HERALD. He says this paper is all right for hunting up stray animals.

Our ready-prints failed to arrive on time last week and we were compelled to cut our list short and thus some of our States readers failed to receive their paper. We will endeavor not to have this occur again.

The service at the Methodist church Sunday evening consisted of song service, with a few able remarks by Rev. Perry. He hopes to be so far recovered from his illness as to conduct his regular service next Sunday.

P. C. Iverson was down from Millet Monday. He is doing a good livery business. Pete has had eleven year's experience in the country and makes an efficient and reliable land guide, for those seeking land in the Millet district.

Clinton C. Reed this week moved his office from HERALD building to a room on the second floor of the Algar block. While a union of the offices had its advantages an increase in our businesses has demanded more room for both of us.

Norman Wiltse, who recently sold his farm to B. N. Cole of Bedford, Iowa, last week purchased his brother William's farm and will continue to reside here. His brother left on Monday for British Columbia to look up a location.

James A. Dangerfield, general agent for the De Laval cream separators, was here this week. He reports that the farmers of Alberta are rapidly working into dairying and that he finds a good sale of De Laval's, especially among the American settlers who are well acquainted with the efficiency of the machine.

George White brought in a drove of three-year-old steers Saturday, forty-two in number, which were convincing evidence of what may be done in the stock raising industry of this part of Alberta. The bunch were placed by those competent to judge at 1250 or 1300 pounds each. They were shipped by some eastern buyer.

OUR ESSENCES

VANILLA,
LEMON,
PINEAPPLE,
ALMONDS,
STRAWBERRY, etc.

Are full strength and just what you want in the kitchen.

A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE.

R. W. MCKINNEL,

Druggist. - - Ponoka.

Hyloplate Blackboard.

Just what you must have in that new school house. CHEAP.

C. C. Reed.

J. G. Armstrong & Co. BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
FARM LOANS AND INSURANCE.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

...HENRY HERTZ...

—DEALER IN—

Wholesale -:- Liquors.

A Fine Line of Liquors at wholesale. Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc. at Retail.

PONOKA, - - ALTA.

New House and
Newly Furnished

Rates:
\$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to
Commercial Trade.

Ponoka, Alta.

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

The De LaVal

The Prince of Cream Separators.

Skims the cleanest; runs the easiest.

EUGENE RHIAN, Agent.

DON'T FORGET TO ASK

—FOR THE—

Maple Leaf Brand

SPICES AND JELLY COMPOUNDS.

Biscuits, etc. put up expressly for us.

Pure and fresh—Just in.

Auctioneer.

B. C. GROAT.

CLINTON C. REED

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER,
REAL ESTATE.

CONVEYANCING AND ALL FORMS OF LEGAL BLANKS DRAWN.

"The Real Estate Man."

SUB-AGENT DOMINION LANDS.
AGENT BIRKBECK SAVINGS CO.

Pioneer Barn.



W. M. JONES, Prop.

C. P. R. LAND GUIDE.

Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS.
Promptness - always - our - Specialty.

DRAIVING
Promptly
DONE.

Local and General.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

J. B. Bright has left the flesh pots of Millet and is again in Ponoka.

John Wilcox has purchased 5 acres of land in Wetaskiwin for which he paid \$140 per acre.

A very successful auction sale was held Wednesday on Mr. Miller's farm near Morningside.

The Hotel West, Morningside, will be open tomorrow under the management of Chas. Cowden.

Miss Agnes Carter, formerly cook of the Royal, left last week with her sister for Banff to take a course at the springs.

W. D. Pitcairn sold W. A. White's farm to his brother for \$2000 and he will hold an auction sale of the stock and chattels next month.

Rev. C. W. Flaiz, of Minneapolis will speak in the school house here next Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. A cordial invitation to the public.

R. F. Pulver was arraigned before C. D. Algar, J. P. Wednesday afternoon on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. He was fined \$1 and costs.

George Sellars, Fred Lee and Wesley O'Brien are spending the week at Battle Lake fully equipped for an enjoyable hunting trip. We have not heard with what success they are meeting.

Anderson & Dea purpose fitting the Royal Hotel with the acetylene gas. It is a bright steady illuminant. Mr. Spalding, the traveller, succeeded in obtaining an order and has left for Edmonton.

A man, not far from Ponoka, was seen on the railway platform the other day sobbing bitterly because his father-in-law was going away. In New Guinea where the people are in a savage state, a man may not look his father-in-law or mother-in-law in the face and should he meet them he must turn his back. Why then make such a fuss over one's father-in-law.

The local court of the C. O. F. are making a special effort to add to their membership this week. The initiation fee has been reduced to \$2.50 for the week and several names have already been added to the roll of membership. A special meeting for initiation will be held tomorrow evening.

George Winslow arrived Monday with his family and effects from Madison, S. D. He has recently had erected near Fairy Bank one of the best houses and barns in this part of Alberta, where he is now removing his effects. Among his effects is his 14-horse power threshing machine for which the people up his way have been anxiously waiting.

A Case which is creating considerable interest and which will serve as a test case is being tried at Wetaskiwin this week. A party adhering to the Seventh Day Adventist faith has been charged with Sabbath desecration by laboring on Sunday in violation of the Sabbath Observance Ordinance. There has been a considerable amount of discussion as to whether the Adventists should be permitted to engage actively in labor on Sunday. According to the law requiring the observance of Sunday they are in open violation of the laws of the land.

George B. Henwood, barrister, advocate, notary etc., who has lately located in Wetaskiwin, has arranged to be in Ponoka every Wednesday at the office of Arnold & Christie, to attend to any business in his line. Mr. Henwood is an able young man, pleasant in his manner, and we believe all who have legal business to transact will do well to give him a call since the village has no permanently located person with whom this character of business may be entrusted.

Henry Myer drove the new school teacher for Urquhart to her destination on Wednesday.

Anderson brothers, cousins of G. W. Anderson, have gone to Calgary but will return here soon.

Miss Belva Truman who has been living in Cochrane for some time is expected home shortly.

John Holofkoff came up from Calgary Wednesday to look after his homestead southeast of town.

Messrs. Gretson and Foy bought a team, wagon and harness and stove and left today for their land in 41-18.

Houston Cox, a brother of our former genial townsman, George, arrived this week and contemplates locating in Alberta.

Fairfield & Warnock are putting in shelving and otherwise getting their building in shape for their gents' furnishings, which will arrive in a few days.

James Twoey, an eastern cattle buyer was here the past week purchasing cattle. He got a car load of fine three-year-old steers from G. B. White.

Miss Adelaide Jeckell and Mrs. Kate Spackman, the village school staff, attended the convention of Northern Alberta teachers at Strathcona Monday and Tuesday.

James Rairdin and Charley Heymeyer were both down from their new homes up Battle river the past week. They are busy getting their houses comfortably fixed for the winter.

N. T. Peuck returned Monday night from Washington with his family. They are at present living in the Dick house awaiting the erection of a residence on his homestead near Willow creek.

J. W. Blain was here from Strathcona this week. He, in connection with others, is interested in the logging industry here and was looking after the business.

A congregational meeting will be held in the Presbyterian church at Ponoka on Monday, November 3rd at 8 p. m., to discuss matters relating to the new church building. By order of pastor.

Among the immigrants of this week was T. M. Dyson with his family and effects, formerly of Bassett Neb. Mr. Dyson was here last fall and located and we gladly welcome him as a permanent resident here.

Talk about corn-fed beef! A. L. Ball on last Saturday sold a four-year-old heifer to James Twoey right from the range, that tipped the beam at 1880 pounds. Not a bad beast to be fattened on Alberta grass.

Elder C. W. Flaiz, of Minneapolis, Minn., arrived Wednesday. He is working in the interests of the Adventists in the Northwest and is holding meetings at the various points. He will address the people of Ponoka on Tuesday evening.

The HERALD would like a correspondent in every school district in the vicinity. This will not only greatly improve the paper but will also build up your community. We will gladly furnish stationery to any who will act in this capacity.

Fall plowing is still the order of the day. The exceedingly fine weather this fall has been a boon to the farmers and many of them are through with their plowing. This section of Alberta will harvest several thousand bushels of grain next year more than it ever before did.

Dan Bernard arrived at Morningside Wednesday with his family and effects from Bonilla, S. D. He will reside in the village for awhile before moving to his farm in the Willow creek district. Several of his neighbors who located when he did will arrive in a short time.

Hallowe'en tonight.

Liberal meeting next Monday evening.

A fence is being erected around the Methodist parsonage.

W. M. Jones has been confined to his bed a few days but is up again today.

For disorderly conduct Frank Yanda was brought before C. D. Algar J. P. and fined \$1 and costs.

A. Cole asks us to announce that a public dance will be given at his farm in 14-44-28 on Saturday evening, Nov. 8.

One of F. M. Lee's dogs was poisoned the other day. Some persons should be more careful where they place poison.

Extensive street improvements are now being made on Aldons avenue in the north part of the village. Let the good work go on.

Local mail is to be carried on the C. & E. every day except Sunday beginning tomorrow. This is as it should have been long ago and it is evident that the late agitation of this question has had its influence.

W. M. Batson, living twelve miles southeast was in yesterday having a wound attended to by Dr. Drinnan. He ran a nail into his foot a few days before and he feared the injury would result in blood poisoning.

The HERALD has received from the Toronto Type Foundry a 26-inch Ideal paper cutter, also a stapling machine and some new type faces. These additions place us in a position to execute in the neatest and latest designs all kinds of job printing and we solicit all the work in this line in the district. A specialty made of school warrants, receipts, notes and any work of this nature. We also have in stock about \$100 worth of paper so our work will not be delayed on that account.

Liberal Meeting.

The Ponoka Liberal Association will meet next Monday evening. A full attendance is requested. By order of secretary.

For Sale.

The S. E. 1 of Sec. 17-42-25, at \$8.25 per acre.

W. L. STEELE.
Sec. 34-42-25

Strayed.

From Ponoka on Wednesday Oct. 22nd, One Chocolate Colored Pointer, Bird Dog, Curly. Any information leading to his recovery rewarded by CHAS. PATCHETT.

Violin For Sale.

Do you want a good violin, if so ask for it at R. W. McKinnell's drug store.

W. J. EARL.

For Sale.

One eight-horse steam engine and one eight-inch bar feed grinder, also one steel frame circular wood saw new last year. Price reasonable. Inquire at HERALD office or of FRANK SCOTT.

Horse Blankets.

This is the season for horse covers. We have a large line of good fitting horse blankets all of latest designs and newest fastenings. Call and get a supply for the winter.

DODD BROS.

Tenders.

Sealed tenders will be received at the office of the undersigned for furnishing 30 cords of sound dry poplar wood, 32 inches in length, delivered and ricked in basement of Ponoka public school building. The right to reject any and all bids reserved.

CLINTON C. REED.
Secretary.

WANTED - To buy a pair of farm horses, second hand wagon and harness. Address, with full particulars care of HERALD.

MAN AND WIFE WANTED - Man to thoroughly understand managing a farm, woman to manage house. Address care of HERALD.

\$1.00 per Day.

\$8.50 per Week.

NEW ALBERTA HOUSE.

ADOLPH SHARY,
Proprietor.

The Popular Stopping
Place for Landseekers.

Ponoka, Alta.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN McKENTY, Representing

The Canada Permanent and Western Canada
Mortgage Corporation.

The Best Company in America to do business with.

NO COMMISSION. NO DELAY. LEAST EXPENSE.

Communication invited.

Opposite McLeod's store.

JOHN McKENTY, REAL ESTATE

Financial Broker.

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER.

...LACOMBE, Alta.

THE FAIRY BANK STORE.

Has in stock at right prices
a full assortment of.....

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes.

No need driving to town for your supplies.

Highest Price Paid for
BUTTER AND EGGS.

W. J. Earl.

Special attention to commercial trade.

Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

ANDERSON & DEA,
Proprietors.

The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars.
The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta.

W. R. Courtright & Son. Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

W. E. TURNER & CO.

Dealers in

Native and Coast Lumber.

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS,
SHINGLES AND LATH.

PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.

Ponoka, Alta.

REAL ESTATE

We transact all kinds of Real Estate Business.

Have the Largest List of land from which to select.

Improved & Unimproved Farms

We sell on small commission, do our own business, and by fair dealing meet all competition.

List your land with us for we buy and sell. All correspondence answered.

Arnold & Christie.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenne & Co.

"Aye, aye, that's where you berth. We know that much and more—that you won't stay there. What takes you cruising round the first class deck? That's what you've got to answer for."

"So I will, to the right person, the captain, and no one else. Stand aside!" I cried, for I was nettled by the man's surly speech. "Don't dare to interfere with me! I've good reason, the best reason, for what I've done, and I'll give it, but not to you. Clear out, or I'll put you on your back double quick!"

He retorted angrily, and we should soon have fallen to blows, but a sharp voice interposed, that of the captain himself, for the altercation had occurred just outside his cabin.

"What's this, quartermaster—quarrelling with the passengers? And who are you, sir, who talk so big?"

The seaman answered, while I hesitated, doubtful how to act.

"A second class, sir, who's been trespassing up here constant, and I'd his orders, sir, from the chief officer to watch him."

"What do you call yourself?"

"Hardensteele is my name on the list, but—"

"A purser's name, eh? Fishy on the face of it. However, this is no time for discussion. I'll see you tomorrow forward in the second cabin. Take him there, quartermaster, and tell the steward to have an eye to him; not that he can get very far."

"Aye, aye, sir. Now, heave ahead, will you, or must I make you?" No doubt he felt annoyed by the support of the "old man." Now I had recovered my temper I did not resent his tone. I had had time to consider that for the present I had better lie low.

So I went straight to my cabin and to bed. I was doubled up with two others, both ocean "drummers," men who crossed every month or two, and they were already sound asleep. But before turning out my light I climbed up into the privacy of my own little bunk, where I quickly ran through the papers and saw with delight that everything was intact. Then I placed the precious packet under my pillow and felt that I had spent a profitable day.

CHAPTER XII.

IL M. S. VICTRIX.

By next morning I had resolved to take the captain of the Chaffinch to see directly I saw him into my confidence. He was an Englishman. The liner, although it had an American name, sailed under English colors. On her deck I was on English ground, and I thought I might count on his protection. I was taking too much for granted, as I soon found. The plainest truth does not always prosper when it is contradicted seemingly by a well substantiated lie.

I had not long to wait for my interview with Captain Sherborne. Instead of coming into the second cabin he sent for me, and I was led before him very much like a malefactor, with a steward on one side of me and a quartermaster, my friend of the previous night, on the other. I had the papers on me in an inner breast pocket.

I was not taken to his own cabin on the poop deck, but to the purser's in a central part of the ship, half cabin, half office, and that officer was also in attendance. The captain was a square set, weather beaten sailor man, very bluff and cheery, no doubt, when it so pleased him, but his mottled red face in its fringe of white whiskers could shine fierce and forbidding as a light-house through a fog, and it did so just now.

"You are the person calling yourself Hardensteele who has been breaking the ship's rules by trespassing on the first saloon accommodation? I saw you myself."

"I admit it. What is the penalty? To pay first cabin fare, I presume? Then, Mr. Purser, take the necessary amount and give me a receipt. I won't change my cabin."

I tossed a couple of fivers on to the little table in front of which the skipper sat, and the purser, a little, old, spare gentleman with a long white beard, took the money up, but looked at the captain doubtfully.

"Stay, stay, my the fellow. It's not going to end like that. The trespass is only the smallest part. There has been a robbery on board. It has been reported to me this morning, and, and—"

"You suspect me?" He nodded. "On what grounds, may I ask? I am entitled to be told that."

"I shall tell you nothing. I am captain of this ship."

"But will not be so very long, I think, after this voyage. If you adopt such a high handed and unwarrantable course as to accuse a passenger of theft, yet give him no reason for it."

This shot told. His fiery eyes faltered for a moment, and there was less assurance in his voice when he went on. "I am answerable to my employers, not to you."

"And, pardon me, to the public, of whom I am one, and to the British government, whom I represent, Captain Sherborne."

His jaw fell, and he looked rather

helplessly at the purser, who stooped over and whispered a few words in his ear. They only seemed to still further stir up his bile and more sturdily vindicate his authority.

"By heaven," he shouted, "I'll not be bounced by every longshore scallywag that chooses to face me out with thundering lies! On board my own ship too! British government be hanged! What have I to do with it in midatlantic with 50 fathoms of blue water under my keel? Besides, it's what you say. How are we to know it's true? You admitted you were sailing under false colors. What's your real name?"

That moment I had intended to tell him everything, but now I did not trust his discretion.

"You shall know all in good time when it suits me. Meanwhile I hold you responsible!"

"Yah! You're worse than a sea lawyer, tacking and veering all round the compass. Answer my question. Did you steal those papers?"

"What papers? Whose?"

"The duke's, Terry Grada's, you know. You were seen near his state-room."

"That's untrue, for I never went there and don't know where it is. But as for the papers—Well, yes, I have them here"—I touched my pocket—"and I mean to keep them."

The skipper all but bounded from his chair. "I think you must be stark, staring mad; a raging lunatic, no less. I shall have to clap you in irons and send you down for safety to Sand alley. Hand them over now in a brace of shakes, or I'll—"

He rose menacingly. "Keep your distance. Don't lay a finger on nor don't touch those papers. No one must see them. They belong to the British government."

"Then how came they in the possession of this duke? Yah! Try another."

"He acquired them wrongly and will have to answer for that and other things—he and those with him."

"Including that millionaire youth, I suppose, Captain Wood, who seems even more upset at this robbery—your robbery."

I could contain myself no longer.

"He is not Captain Wood. He is an impostor. I am Captain Wood, Mr. McFaught's heir."

The skipper here burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, which the purser echoed heartily.

"By the everlasting jingo, this is too much! Quartermaster!" cried the cap-



"I am Captain Wood, Mr. McFaught's heir."

tain, and my friend ran in. "Call in a couple of hands with a rope's end and seize this chap down. It's not safe to let him range about the ship loose. But first of all hoist those papers out of him. They're in the inner pocket."

Before they could touch me I made one step to the open porthole and with a quick movement threw the parcel out into the sea.

"You desperate ruffian! I'll have the ship stopped, a boat lowered. Run up to the bridge, quartermaster."

"They're heavy enough to sink, Captain Sherborne, long before you could get within a mile of them, and you may do what you like now. My mind's perfectly easy."

"I shall confront you with the boss who owns those papers."

"That he never did, nor will any one else now. But again I warn you to be careful. If you bring us face to face, there will be mischief done."

"No, for I shall have seized you first, made you so fast you won't be able to stir a finger or even look crooked, my fine fellow."

"The boat's on the other leg, captain. The mischief will be done to me, and I tell you whatever happens will be laid on you. I claim your protection. Withhold it at your peril!"

The skipper looked nonplused. No doubt he was still inclined to think me a lunatic, but I spoke so quietly and collectedly that he was a little shaken in his first impression.

"Upon my soul I don't know what to say or do. What d'ye advise, Mr. Boffin?" This to the purser.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kindred Insects.

The breeding bug's career is through; No more its pranks we see. It had to take its hot off to The great old looking bee.

North American Fish.

There are no less than 3,232 different species of fish inhabiting the waters of America north of the isthmus of Panama.

A POPULAR BELIEF

THAT RHEUMATISM IS DUE TO COLD, WET WEATHER.

Such Conditions Aggravate the Troubles, But It Is Now Known To Be a Disease of the Blood—Outward Applications Cannot Cure It.

The once popular belief that rheumatism was entirely the result of exposure to cold or dampness, is now known to be a mistake. The disease may be aggravated by Exposure, but the root of the trouble lies in the blood, and must be treated through it. Liniments and outward applications never cure, while Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure because they make new, rich, red blood, in which disease finds lodgment impossible. Concerning the use of these pills Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says:—

"For upwards of five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hip were almost past endurance. At other times I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried several remedies, some of them very costly, without getting any more than temporary relief at the most. At this juncture a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and spoke so highly of the pills that I decided to try them. Almost from the very first these pills helped me, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes every twinge of rheumatism has disappeared and I was feeling better than I had for years. I would strongly advise similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as I am confident they will not only drive away all pains and aches, but leave you strong, active and happy."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills not only cure rheumatism but all troubles whose origin comes from poor blood or weak nerves, such as anaemia, consumption, neuralgia, kidney trouble, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the irregularities which make the lives of so many women a source of misery. Some dealers offer substitutes, and in order to protect yourself you must see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.—Sir P. Sidney.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify that disease of almost every nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine and one that will sell well."

A fool who has a flash of wit creates astonishment and scandal, like hack horses setting out to gallop.—Chamfort.

A BABY CHANGED.

The Mother Tells How It Was Accomplished.

A wonderful change," is the verdict of a lady correspondent, who writes us about her little one. "I take pleasure," writes Mrs. R. B. Buckford, of Glen Sutton, Que., "in certifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion, and was teething and cross and restless, and the use of the Tablets made a wonderful change. I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets might save many a dear little life, and I would recommend mothers to keep them in the house."

The opinion of this wise mother is echoed by other correspondents. Baby's Own Tablets give such comfort and relief to a sick baby, they so infallibly produce calm, peaceful sleep that you would almost think them a narcotic. But they are not. They are only a health-giver for children of any age. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. May be had from druggists, or by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Politics are full of uncertainties. To-day a man is on the stump and next week he may be all up a tree.

Stella—"Just look at Miss Desplaine and Mr. Baldy over there!" Miss Potter—"Yes; a romance of the middle ages, so to speak."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera dysentery diarrhoea griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

A Medieval Megaphone.

A curiosity of great antiquity is still to be seen within St. Andrew's church at Willoughton, near Gainsborough, says an English magazine. This is a quaint speaking trumpet with an obscure early history, dating back to the times of the Knights Templars. In shape it resembles a French horn and is more than five feet long, having a bell at the end of the graduated tube. It was formerly six feet in length, but is now telescoped at the joints, where the metal has apparently decayed. Tradition declares it was formerly sounded from the tower to summon aid in case of need, as, when blown at a height, the weird, deep notes the trumpet produced could be heard a great distance away in bygone days. It is believed that this curious instrument has often been used to call together the villagers, thus dispensing with the usual bell, and to give additional power and strength to the choir, being then probably used by the chief singer, as the trumpet intensifies vocal sound to a marked degree.

Henpecked For a Day.

In the little hamlet of Nordhaest, near Meldorf, a singular custom is observed annually. According to tradition, it dates back to the thirteenth century. During that era the hamlet was on one occasion attacked by a band of robbers, and the men of the village were soon compelled to beat a retreat.

Thereupon the women boldly attacked the robbers and not only vanquished them, but also took the leader and several of the band prisoners. As a token of their gratitude the men have ever since allowed the women to celebrate this great event by holding a festival at stated intervals, and on such occasions they exercise no authority themselves, but submit in all things to the will of the women.

The latter greatly enjoy their temporary supremacy and, as a symbol thereof, never fail to fasten a large wooden slipper to every lamp and chandelier in the hamlet.

A Great Stickler For Etiquette.

Dr. Thompson, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was an exceedingly cold and austere man, never taking much notice of the undergraduates under his care. On one occasion a Trinity man happened to be out walking and was caught in a storm. He ran across a field and took shelter beneath a large tree. When he arrived there, he found, to his horror, that Dr. Thompson was beneath it seeking protection from the rain. For some time both stood silent, watching the clouds, till at last the undergraduate, growing desperate, ventured to remark that he thought it was clearing up a little.

"Sir," said the doctor laughingly, frowning upon the wretched youth, "all communications to the master of Trinity must be made through the tutors."—Exchange.

A Story of Henry Clay Dean.

A good story is related of Henry Clay Dean, the famous orator of a generation or so ago. Mr. Dean was generally referred to as "Henry Clay Dean of Iowa" even long after he had established a home in Missouri. He explained his change of habitation in this way: "You see, they passed a nefarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whisky gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone, and now the whole population seems to be drifting toward Universalism, and there's your hades gone. I can't live in a state that has neither hades, hanging nor whisky."

Bad Hand Made Him Money.

When Lord Curzon was at Oxford, he wrote an abominable hand. One day he penned two letters, one of them to a relative and one to a chum with whom he always discussed the faults of their respective relations, and accidentally put these letters into the wrong envelopes. He was about to write a profound apology to his relative when he received the following note from him: "Can't read a word of your four pages, but guess you want some money, you young rascal." Inclosed was a Bank of England note for a good amount.

Korean Washerwomen.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a laundry.

Willing to Help.

"You have wounded me," he sadly said as he rose from his knees—"wounded me so deeply that I shall never—"

"Wait," she said, picking a book off the table. "Let me see what 'First Aid to the Injured' says to do in such a case as yours."

Her Position.

Mrs. Parke—What kind of servants do you prefer?

Mrs. Lane—I've got beyond that, I'm looking for servants that prefer me—Puck.

NOTHING LIKE

Paine's Celery Compound

FOR CLEANSING AND PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

It Eradicates the Seed of Disease, Invigorates and Rejuvenates.

Thousands of men and women who have neglected the work of physical recuperation in the summer months, are now carrying a burden of disease. In the majority of cases impure and poisoned blood and sluggish circulation are the direct causes of suffering and misery. Are you, reader, one of the victims? If so, do not hesitate a moment regarding what you should do. The life stream must be made pure, the health-wrecking laxity of the blood vessels must be corrected, the nerves and tissues must be nourished. Paine's Celery Compound is the medicine that physicians recommend for the increase of pure blood in the arteries, and for arousing the purifying organs to cast off the impurities that give rise to disease. Mr. T. F. Mitchell, New Hamburg, Ont., writes as follows:—

"My mother suffered for five years with a sore leg, and her system was so far run down that doctors could not help her. She could hardly walk about the house. She tried almost everything to procure a cure, but no good results came until Paine's Celery Compound was used, which gave her instant relief. She is now using the third bottle and able to do her own work."

Memory is the primary and fundamental power, without which there could be no other intellectual operation.—Johnson.

Everyone has heard of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, strains, bruises, lame back, and all muscular aches and pains, but few know that there is nothing to equal it for relieving aching feet, troublesome corns, and for softening the harsh, callous skin which frequently forms on the soles of the feet. Anyone suffering from sensitive spots on the toes, sides of the feet, or between the toes, should rub a little St. Jacobs Oil on the sore spot every night. The immediate relief obtained is simply wonderful.

No household should be without St. Jacobs Oil. It will be wanted after cricket, after tennis, after a day's boating; in fact it is the athlete's friend. All chemists sell St. Jacobs Oil and a 50 cent bottle is sufficient to prove beyond a doubt the above statements.

The pleasures of the palate deal with us like Egyptian thieves, who strangle those whom they embrace.—Seneca.

Color is One of the Most Important Points in Well Made Butter.

Too many buttermakers lose sight of the fact that "color" is one of the most important and effective points in good butter. The sweetest and richest butter is but half prepared for the critical eyes of consumers, if the color be faulty or objectionable.

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color gives the natural golden tint to butter in the autumn and winter seasons. It is the favorite color in the Government Creameries, and is used exclusively by the largest makers of butter for export and home consumption. Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color never fades from the butter; it does not turn a bricky shade such as other colors produce; it is pure and harmless; its keeping qualities are perfect; it is the strongest, therefore the cheapest to use. Ask your druggist or dealer for it; take no other make.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For delicate and debilitated constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

To clean light kids, put the gloves on the hand and rub thoroughly with white corn meal, using a piece of cotton flannel for the purpose.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Uncle—"Tell me frankly, Fred, what is the amount of your debts?" Fred—"Oh, my dear uncle, just as much as you please."

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

\$100 - REWARD - \$100.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents,
MONTREAL.

Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.

Ever Tempted Adam.
And Adam has been tempting Eve ever since. Imagine a man selling a woman rancid butter while keeping her attention fixed on a "prize" given with the rancid butter! A woman may be tempted by "prizes" to buy common soaps, that she may not know will soon ruin her clothes and hands. But she soon finds out the difference between common soaps and Sunlight Soap. She finds Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—a prize in itself. Her clothes last longer and her hands are saved from eczema. 220

As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR.
Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best,
HAVE NO EQUAL.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises
Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet, Pleurisy.
Sold by Druggists. 25c. Try it once.

A solution of oxalic acid will remove ink stains from books without

injure the print.

TWO SLEIGHS AND A MAIDEN

By HELEN WOOD

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Joel Herrick drove along disconsolately in the moonlight, flicking his whip about Bay Charley's ears. Behind the yarn muffer his face wore an expression of disappointment and wounded pride, and it was evident that the five miles of fine sleighing before him on this keen, beautiful night held no charms. Disconsolate he looked and disconsolate he felt, for had he not just been scorned by the lady of his heart?

Little had he thought when he drove Susannah Peters out to Johnson's golden wedding that she would desert him, and for his bitterest rival, Ed Sparks, and yet—

Joel had danced often with the pretty, golden haired Susannah. She, happily conscious of her new blue ribbons and pink cheeks, had beamed upon him, dancing his heart quite out of him and himself into the brave resolve to speak of his love on the homeward drive, for, although Joel had "kept company" with Susannah for six months, he had always lacked the courage to "ask her" point blank.

Now, Ed Sparks, on the other hand, lacked not the courage, but rather had pressed his suit, even when Susannah had clearly snubbed him. Perhaps it was done only to nettles the hesitating Joel; perhaps Susannah was really impressed by Ed's brand new suit of store clothes, scarlet tie and glittering cuff buttons and studs. At any rate, when the dancing was done and the big dining room was thrown open it was Ed Sparks who stepped quickly forward and "banded" Susannah to the delectable feast, and it was Ed Sparks who filled her glass with Aunt Marcy Johnson's best blackberry wine when the health of host and hostess was drunk. And all the while Joel Herrick, his heart eaten out with jealousy, tried to look gay as he served another and less favored damsel.

After supper goodbyes were said, the stone bottles were filled with hot water in anticipation of long rides through the cold night, the women bundled each other up in tip-top and hawl, while the men harnessed the horses. To be sure, Joel had but one horse to harness, yet the crafty Ed managed to reach the house door first with his prancing young horses and a new, fancy sleigh. Susannah gave one swift glance from Ed's dashing turnout to staid Bay Charley and the old fashioned cutter. Vaguely she heard a chorus of feminine "oh's" and "ah's," and Joel's fate was sealed. She sprang into Ed's sleigh, the envy of every other girl on the great porch.

All this furnished anything but pleasant thoughts for Joel as he drove home alone, and when he realized that at this moment Ed's arm might be encircling the slender waist of Susannah he fairly groaned in spirit. Perhaps the bold fellow might even dare to kiss her. Joel grasped his whip tightly, and Bay Charley sprang forward in surprise.

Two miles had been covered, and he reached a point where the road wound through a patch of woodland. The trees stood gaunt, strange and black against the dazzling snow. Now and then a branch snapped with the cold, sounding like the report of a pistol on the still moonlight. Joel commenced to whistle from sheer loneliness. Then suddenly the sound died on his lips. In astonishment he saw a woman walking toward him. Nearer and nearer they came together. More and more familiar became the outlines of that feminine figure. As he slowed up it shrank back against a tree.

"Why, Susannah!"

"Oh, Joel, I'm so glad it's you!" There were tears in her voice. But Joel remembered the slights, the humiliation recently put upon him, and hardened his heart and his voice.

"Well, Miss Peters, if you are going home alone I shall be pleased to take you under my care."

His tone was not inviting, but the shivering Susannah quickly climbed to his side. Joel touched up Bay Charley, but for some time remained silent. Now and then he glanced at the little figure crouched at his side, shaking with sobs and cold together. Joel's heart reproached him, and he finally remarked:

"Seems to me you ain't actin' right tonight. First you take up with a no account sort of fellow like Ed Sparks; then you go walkin' alone at this time of night. Where's Ed, an' what does he mean, leavin' you all alone like this? If he ain't treated you right, I'll take him out an' horsewhip him."

Susannah laid her hand appealingly on Joel's arm.

"I've been mean to you, Joel, but— but this ain't Ed's fault. I—I—fell out!"

Joel snorted incredulously.

"Yes, I did, too, Joel. We were just above old man Juddkin's place, an' one of those big wild geese was lyin' in the road, we not seen it because of its

bein' all white. It just took an' flew right up in the horse's faces. They're spunky, you know, an' won't stand much, an'—an'—this very softly and shy—Ed ain't a driver like you. He ain't strong. They ran like wild, an' he had to stand up to hold 'em. An' when we turned the corner by the old apple tree the sleigh went into a past, toppled over an'—I—I fell out. An' when I got up I saw the sleigh swingin' in from side to side an' Ed standin' up an' laughin' on to the reins."

Her recital came to a sudden and undignified end as she glanced at the recollection of her admirer's plight. She tried to smother the giggle in the sleeve of Joel's great rough coat and then continued:

"There hasn't been a soul along until you came. I was scared to death. Everything was so white an' still, an' in the woods the moon was lookin' at me through the dark branches of the trees for all the world like a queer face. I—I don't believe I could have stood it much longer."

By this time Joel was chuckling over his rival's predicament, and Susannah sat up in sudden dismay.

"But you won't tell anybody, will you, Joel? The whole town'll be laughin' at me."

Joel turned serious on the instant.

"No, they won't laugh at you. If they do, they'll have to answer to me. Besides, the joke ain't on you. It's on Ed."

But just at this time Ed was having fresh troubles of his own. Careening, swaying, he drew near Hufesburg at a racing gait, utterly unconscious that Susannah was no longer clinging to the seat before which he still stood, tugging at the reins. Occasionally he threw an encouraging word over his shoulder or told her how brave she was not to scream and add to their danger. The horses would soon run themselves out, and the road before them was clear.

But, alas, just as he turned into the town a sudden obstacle appeared in their track—Farmer Schneider's big sleigh, laden with the rosy cheeked Mrs. Schneider and three equally rosy daughters! At Ed's warning shout Schneider drew his placid white mare to one side, but the flying team caught the rear of Schneider's sleigh, and a chorus of feminine shrieks was wafted to the fleeing Ed. The drift was deep, and the five Schneiders, when disentangled, found themselves uninjured, but nevertheless wrathful at the reckless driver.

In the meantime Ed had reached the center of the town, and his horses, exhausted and steaming, finally responded to the rein. With a feeling of intense relief Ed turned to his companion. Consternation seized him. Where was Susannah? Caught in the maelstrom of Schneiders? No, his cutter had not been injured in the collision. He remembered with horror that she had not spoken since the horses first began their mad run. What if she had been back there in the woods all this time, frozen, perhaps attacked by tramps? Ed was too frightened to be logical. With a curse he turned his fagged horses back into the road and whipped them on at a mad gait. Again he passed the Schneider family, and as the farmer once more pulled out of his way, this time more successfully, his goodwife murmured:

"I did not think Marcy Johnson's wine was so strong as that."

Half a mile farther he met Joel and stopped at the latter's vigorous hail.

"Good evenin', Ed," said Joel, with a cheerful smile for his discomfited rival. "Are you goin' to look for Susannah? She's here, safe in my sleigh, an' you can just bet she ain't goin' to make such a mistake again."

Ed ignored the complacent Joel and, making his best bow—that is, the best he could make while trying to hold the two astonished and trembling horses—said:

"I'm awful sorry I had such an accident, Miss Peters; but if you aren't hurt it don't matter so much, an' I hope you'll let me see you safe home."

Susannah choked back a persistent giggle and clung to Joel's arm.

"You see, Mr. Sparks—Mr. Herrick—I mean Joel—an' I—we—I'm just as much obliged!"

Joel took up her faltering explanation and made it clear.

"I don't mind tellin' you, Mr. Sparks, that hereafter Susannah an' I'll do our sleighin' together for all time, but if you want a recommendation to any other girl Susannah she'll give it, an' we won't mention this here little affair."

And Mr. Sparks, with a dignified up-lifting of his fur cap and a few unintelligible words, whipped up his horses, swung around in the road and raced back to town.

A Pleasant Interruption.

The following incident occurred at an entertainment in a large provincial town: On the programme a certain vocalist was down to sing "The Miner's Dream of Home," and to add special effect to the song he, having a friend a fireman at the fire station, about three minutes' walk from the hall, ran out and borrowed his top boots.

His turn on the programme came around. He appeared on the stage in all the glory of a blouse, slouch hat, white breeches and the fireman's top boots. His rendering of the song was a great success up to the middle of the

second verse, when a commotion was heard at the entrance of the hall. Then a hot and eager fireman forced his way through the audience up to the footlights and bawled out at the top of his voice:

"Bill, you've got to come out of them 'ere boots if you value your life. I'm called to a fire!"—London Tit-Bits.

Why Many Children Are One Sided.

It is a well known physiological law that the use of a muscle causes an increase in its size, while neglect causes it to become smaller.

The steady use of the same arm in carrying a set of books to and from school, the propping of one arm on a table, or the excessive use of one arm or leg and the disuse of the other—each such habit slowly but surely brings about its own result unless constant effort be made to counteract it.

The growing age is more subject than any other to such influences, but every age is directly and powerfully influenced by any occupation or habit which tends to the exclusive exercise of certain muscles or to the habitual taking of a certain posture.

Snubbing a Snob.

Jasmin, the Gascon poet and barber, once treated a rich snob to the snubbing he deserved. Jasmin had been reciting his poems for the benefit of the poor and had afterward been escorted in triumphal procession to his hotel. Next morning while he was still in bed some one knocked at the door, a vulgar nabob entered and installed himself without invitation in a chair.

"My dear Jasmin," said he patronizingly, "I am a banker, a millionaire, as you know. I wish you to shave me with your own hand. Please set to work at once, for I am pressed for time. You can ask what you like for your trouble."

"Pardon me, sir," said Jasmin, with pride. "I shave for pay at home only."

"What do you say?"

"It is true, sir. I shave for pay only at home."

"Come, come! You are jesting. I cannot be put off. Make your charge what you like, but shave me!"

"Again I say, sir, it is impossible!"

"How impossible? Isn't it your trade?"

"It is, but at this moment I am not disposed to exercise it."

In spite of renewed bribes and entreaties Jasmin remained firm, and the millionaire went away unshaved.

Encouragement.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you leave some human flower suffer for want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training, but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can. Give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise.—Catholic Home Companion.

A Barbarous Symbol.

Next time you drop in on your barber to have a shave or your hair cut ask him why he has a pole with white and red stripes on it at his door. The chances are that he will tell you it is to let people know there is a barber shop in the vicinity. Ask him why such a pole represents a barber shop and tell him not to talk politics or the weather to you until he has answered and you will have a quiet time of it. Of course you know, but in case you don't want to bother telling him just clip this item and induce him to paste it in his hat.

In olden times blood letting was believed in and the ancient barber was the man who made a specialty of it, as also some of them do today. The pole has nothing to do with hair cutting or shaving; it represents the blood letting end of the profession. The red stripes indicate the flow of blood, the white stripes the linen bandages used after the operation. If you succeed in cornering your barber on this question, ask him not to talk so much until he acquires some information worth imparting.

Mountain High.

"How was the scenery where you spent your vacation?"

"The most expensive I ever gazed at."

A Labor Saver.

The politicians should rejoice; The wireless age commences; It ought to help them out a bit When they must mend their fences.

Would Know if He Heard Her.

"I don't know whether she sings or not."

"You would if you heard her."

Colors and Flowers.

Never but two of the colors red, blue and yellow appear in the same species of flower—either two, but never the third. Hence red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue pansies, but no red, etc.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

By MARTHA
M'CUULOCK-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1901, by M. McCulloch-Williams

"Carola!" Aunt Sarah called, her voice acid, yet tense.

"Well?" Carola answered without looking up from her book.

"It's 10 o'clock—high time you were dressing," came back, the tone more acid than ever.

"Why, I thought you had set the wedding for 4 o'clock," Carola said, turning a leaf and not raising her eyes.

Aunt Sarah stamped her foot. "As if you didn't know what folks are!" she protested. "You know they'll begin piling in here around 12, or 1 at the latest. The last one of 'em is crazy to see what'll happen."

"How strange!" Carola commented, apparently to the book. Aunt Sarah darted through the door, caught the book, flung it across the room and clutched Carola's shoulder. Angry tears stood in her eyes, but still they snapped viciously. "You'll be the death of me yet!" she gasped out. "Lord, Lord, if I only had known what trouble you'd be I never would have had you here, never in this world!"

"You mean really that you brought me here so you could make trouble for both of us," Carola said, standing up and edging away from her aunt's grasp. "You know you would find heaven dull if you had not a grievance."

"Stop! I won't hear such sacrilege!" Aunt Sarah cried, shaking Carola hard. "I thought I knew what ingratitude was—after all I've done for you—but this caps the climax!"

"You have done—many things," Carola said, setting her teeth hard. "First you gave me a name I hate and shall hate till I die. You thought it sounded finer than the name of any other baby around. Right there you struck the keynote—of everything. You are so tyrannically vain you want to show everybody how much better you can do everything. That is why you have pitched on Johnson Blakeley for my husband. Poor fool! I should be almost as sorry for him as for myself if he had not a man's strength and a man's chance to run away. He does not really want me. Peggy McMann suits him ever and ever so much better. But you get him under your thumb before he left off roustabouts. He's worse afraid of you than death or the judgment, if he is six feet two and big as an ox!"

"Johnson loves me like a mother. He's good looking, as moral as—as a baby—and will have \$100,000 when his old uncle dies." Aunt Sarah broke in, her eyes snapping harder. "And any—yes, every—other girl around would jump at the chance of him, while you—"

"Have had to be locked up for two months to keep me from marrying somebody else," Carola supplemented as Aunt Sarah, otherwise Mrs. Wilson, paused for breath. "Johnson knows all about it," she ran on. "Nice, chivalrous Johnson, to want a wife who says to his face: 'I hate you. I agree to have the wedding day set only because I am tired of prison life.' If there was one grain of manliness in all his hulking height, he would not take me—he knows how helpless I am—with you for guardian and not a penny of my own."

"Yet you want to turn your back on a good husband and a rich one and throw yourself away on a beggarly lawyer who has never had a case since he hung out his shingle a year ago," Aunt Sarah snapped. Carola laughed a short, hard laugh.

Mrs. Wilson knew her neighbors. They did come piling in before the clock struck 1. Carola's love affairs had been the gossip of the countryside for six months past. Naturally there was edged expectation of some uncommon climax to what had been so strange. To the bucolic mind it was wholly unheard of that Johnson Blakeley had been cut out by a sprig of a lawyer with hardly a second coat to his back. The most part stanchly upheld Mrs. Wilson's strenuousness in keeping her niece from so throwing herself away. Still there were a few softer souls who shook the head, saying a girl, as you might say, driven into double harness would be mighty apt before long to kick over the traces and small blame to her if she did.

Everybody wondered at the setting out of a wedding feast and calling in wedding guests. A simple marriage, with only legal witnesses, seemed to fit the case's complications better. A few understood, but wisely held their peace. The wedding was Mrs. Wilson's triumph. She would not forego showing to her world that in this her hardest battle she had prevailed. But even this wise few were something amazed at one thing—she had invited among the rest Jack Harrison, the lawyer lover whom two months earlier she had forbidden the place.

He would not come, of course, but by 3 o'clock everybody else was on

hand, minister and bridegroom included. Aunt Sarah was for setting forward the wedding ceremony. There was not the least use in waiting an hour, with everything ready. That brought on a very pretty quarrel with Carola. "You'll come to the judgment bar an hour ahead of time," she said to Aunt Sarah, "but you won't be able to hurry St. Peter, and for once I mean to net the saint."

Storming did no good. Carola was recklessly gay. She had grown very white, but her hands did not tremble as she put on her veil and set a knot of loose leafed white roses at the throat of her white frock. She did everything for herself, yet, oddly enough, made no objection to the presence of half a dozen young women, each of whom thrilled with unconscious envy of the bride. She even laughed outright when one of them peeped into the hall and said huskily over her shoulder, "Oh, my, Johnson has got on a full dress suit and does look so handsome!"

"It's bad luck, laughin' in your wedding frock. Don't you know that?" another demanded. Carola laughed again, a laugh both mocking and merry.

All things earthly end, even an hour of waiting upon an ungrateful bride's caprice. When the clock marked five minutes past 4, Carola stood exactly in the middle of the big square parlor, feeling herself the target of all eyes. She looked taller, more slender, more wraithlike than ever. Though her hand lay on the bridegroom's, it was in suffrance only. She did not even steady herself by the mass of his wholesome bulk. He was very red, his vacuous moon face beamed, his big hands bulging over the tops of his new white gloves. Carola had not spoken to him. She had met him just outside the parlor door. He had a sense of sinking or wanting to run away, if the truth must be told, to cry as he had cried in the times of boyish fights. Invariably he lost the fights and somehow felt that he was likewise to lose this.

The minister was speaking. His words fell meaningless upon poor Johnson's ears. Carola was tensely alert. She held her head high and kept her eyes fast upon the door. As the minister began to say, "If any can show cause why these two may not be lawfully joined together, let him speak now or forever hereafter hold his peace," she drew a hard breath.

"I object," Jack Harrison cried, darting through the door. "The lady is already my wife," he added, thrusting a folded paper into the minister's hand. Aunt Sarah struck it down, crying contemptuously: "You lie! Until today Carola has not been outside her room since I ordered you off the place!"

Jack turned to face her with Carola in his arms, limp enough now and trembling all over. "I came back—once," he said, "while you were away at church. I brought a license and a minister. Remember there is a lightning rod beside the end window of Carola's prison. I climbed it, held her hand—the good man on the ground did the rest. I might have come next day and legally demanded my wife. It was her whim to wait—and spoil your triumph."

Johnson had been listening like a man in a dream. Slowly his face brightened. With a wildly joyous whoop he gathered Jack and Carola in his arms, hugged them breathless and as he released them cried: "Jack, you always were a good fellow. Suppose you help me to get married anyway. I'll give you \$500 cash if you'll persuade Peggy McMann to have me, right here and now."

"I'll take that job for nothing," Carola said, running to the blushing Peggy. How she managed it nobody quite understood, but three hours later, just as soon as a messenger had brought a new license from the county town, there was a wedding with no objection—not even from Aunt Sarah—and the bride's name was Peggy.

Mansfield's "Likeness."

Richard Mansfield once asked Frank A. Nankivell to make a picture of him. The actor explained that he wanted an imitation of an old Roman coin with his own profile shown instead of Caesar's.

"Do you want an absolute likeness or shall I idealize it a bit?" asked Nankivell.

"I want an absolute likeness," replied Mr. Mansfield stiffly, and the artist made a sketch of his patron.

When the completed picture—a splendid piece of work that looks as if it were embossed—was shown to Mr. Mansfield he was not pleased.

"It looks like a prizefighter," said Mr. Mansfield.

"That is not my fault," said Nankivell. "You know that you said you wanted a likeness."

There was a further exchange of courtesies, and then Mansfield suggested that the artist try again. "Excuse me," said Nankivell. "Once will do me."

"Well, change this picture a little," said the actor. "Perhaps you can fix it up."

"Not a fix," said the artist as he rolled up the picture and prepared to go with a parting shot. "You don't want an artist to draw your picture; you want a lithographer. Good day."—New York World.

HIGHWAY WOOING

By JAMES H. BEARD

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It is no small matter to lose both home and friends. Even at the moment of the quarrel I had realized that, but now, alone on the dark road, all which the sacrifice was like to mean came upon me with redoubled force. Still there was no thought in my mind of turning back. Though my heart was bursting, I merely set my lips tight and rode on, on. When a man's temper is bad, his spurs are busy. Poor Edward sprang along in great leaps, threatening every moment to bring us both down with broken necks.

Suddenly I brought my beast up with a jerk and listened. In a moment it came again—a cry for help.

I knew every foot of the country about, and I was sure that the sound came from an old branch of the road, now seldom used, which ran parallel to the one I was on. The two were separated by perhaps fifty yards.

In a moment I was out of the saddle and had scrambled into the brush, well knowing that at this point the woods were far too dense to drive a horse through. After what seemed an interminable time I reached the second road and stood gazing up and down in the faint light. Then I marked my quarry, a dark, struggling mass, and again I charged wildly forward, sword in hand.

It was a sight to fill a saint with the lust for murder. Two evil looking ruffians had just succeeded in pulling a girl from her saddle and were now bent on tying her hands. The maid was all but spent from her exertions and in a pitiable plight, her dress torn and her hair flying in wild confusion. The villains were well pleased to struggle with one defenseless girl, but, by our lady, in another moment they were glad enough to drop her and to think only of their own lives.

The light in the road was bad, and this helped me, as there was small chance for sword play, only fierce rushes and quick cuts, with little attempt at defense. One of the men went down with my sword in his throat before we had fairly begun the fight. His fellow touched me on the arm before I could disengage, but it was a mere scratch. The man still on his feet was far superior to me in swordsmanship, but I was young and agile, and I sprang from side to side until he lost track of my blade in the bad light, and I ran him through.

The girl was standing by her horse when I turned. A beam of light from the rising moon forced its way through the tangle of boughs and lit up her face.

I recognized it instantly—that calm, proud face which I knew so well and had so little reason to love. As I looked at her then I was forced to admit what my anger had made me deny many times that very morning—that she was a magnificent woman.

Now that the danger was quite over I was rather at a loss what to do next, but the girl relieved me of this embarrassment.

"I am traveling to Aldgate and have lost my way," she said. "If you can set me on the right road, I shall be still more indebted to you, granting that possible," this with a glance at the two fallen men.

"My horse is on the new road some fifty yards from here," I said. "I myself am traveling to Aldgate and shall be glad to offer you my escort."

"Which I shall be even more glad to accept," she said quickly, "and were I to meet more ruffians I might not find another rescuer so ready at my call."

A short distance back the woods were more open, and after helping her to remount I led her horse to the new road, came upon Edward and swung into the saddle.

For some time we rode on in silence. I could feel her eyes, however, and I knew she was reading me as only women can read men, but I possessed one little secret which I mentally defied her to guess.

"It is very fortunate for me that commerce should call you to Aldgate on this particular night," she said at last, and she could have said nothing which I would have found more expediting, for it showed clearly that she had decided I was a clerk.

"I have no business in Aldgate," I said tartly. "Aldgate is a seaport, and I am headed for the low countries."

"The wars?" she questioned quickly.

"The wars," I repeated, with my head high.

She answered this with a low laugh and question that made my cheeks burn.

"What has made you suddenly desire to turn soldier?"

The girl seemed to read my past life like an open book, but one fact she had not read, nor did I intend she should. Still there was no reason why I might not tell her part of the truth.

"My father," I said, "has rather a quick temper. People say that I have

inherited somewhat of it. We disagreed on a small matter."

"Your speech is brief and to the point," said my companion. "And now, principally I believe because you have not asked me, I will tell you why I am riding alone to Aldgate. My father has rather a quick temper. People say that I have inherited somewhat of it. We disagreed on a small matter."

And then in a flash I saw it all, why she was on the road. Truly there never was such a trick of fate as that we should meet on this night.

"It seems that a few bad words have cost us both our homes," I said.

"My quarrel was more than a few bad words," she cried angrily. "He would have married me to a churl—a clerk, a scribbler!"

I bit my lip at that and said nothing. I knew well enough to whom he would have married her.

"A clerk," she continued, "with no more spirit than a leveret, one who loves a book better than a sword. 'Tis said he does needlework like the maids of the house, and I can well believe it."

It is easy for idle tongues to invent lies when a man does not follow the fashion of his age. I had killed too little and read too much.

"Hast ever heard of Sir Francis Bayard?" she asked, suddenly changing her tone.

"Yes," I answered, "often."

"I am his daughter," she said briefly.

I already knew that well enough, but she seemed to expect some surprise, so I drew in my breath quickly and gave a low exclamation. It sufficed, and she continued:

"I am his daughter, and we have quarreled because I would not marry a churl." She seemed to have a special relish for that title.

"I have left his house, and go back I shall not. I have an uncle in Aldgate, but in truth he can do little for me. My father will scour the country, and this uncle is no man to hold out against Sir Francis Bayard. I doubt much," and this she said in a low voice, which seemed to invite contradiction, "if there be any man in all the country round who for my sake would brave my father."

No gentleman could listen unmoved to such a challenge from such a woman.

"I have little beside my sword to offer you," I said, "but, believe me, that shall ever be at your service."

I know not just when the change came, but at that moment I meant every word I said.

"It is a brave sword," said Mistress Bayard and then, after a moment, continued, "I have brought with me jewels of considerable value, enough to raise a company of men to take with you to the low countries." She paused, waiting for me to speak.

I knew not whether to be angry or to laugh at her. Mistress Mary Bayard rather than marry Henry Sheldon was ready to throw herself into the arms of a nameless adventurer; but, then, I was the nameless adventurer.

"You have not asked my name," I said.

"I have heard your voice, I have caught a few glimpses of your face, and I have seen you fight; but, in truth, I would know your name."

The moon had come out bright and full by now. I threw Edward across her path and, doffing my hat, said:

"Mistress Bayard, I am Henry Sheldon."

She half rose in her stirrups, and the color rushed into her face, but her eyes did not fall before mine. We were long so, looking into each other's eyes.

"So you did not wish to marry me?" she said finally.

"At least the disinclination was mutual."

"I knew of you only through hearsay. Why have you always kept away from me?"

"No man values what he does not know."

"But you must have seen me sometimes."

"Yes," I said; "I have seen you. I knew you were beautiful, but I knew of your character only through what I heard. I was afraid we should not find much in common."

"And this short ride has made you change your estimate of me?"

"This short ride has changed a disobedient prodigal into a most obedient son, and were I not pledged to give you safe conduct to Aldgate I should even now turn back and marry as my father wished."

"Far be it from me," she said in the tone of a father confessor, "to distract this good youth from so worthy a resolution. Ever obey thy father, and all will be well with thee."

I know not which parent was the more astonished at the sudden change in his wayward offspring, but we told them no word of our affair until after the wedding.

An Everyday Matter.

There are some circumstances under which it is easy to write a letter for another person and others under which it is well nigh impossible, but not all people agree on what the circumstances are.

"I'd jess like you to write a letter to Pomp for me, please, Missy June," said the colored queen of a Boston kitchen to her young mistress. "Jess a

little short, everyday letter. It won't take you but 'bout a minute."

"What shall I say?" asked the lady when pen and paper were at hand. "Tell me just what to say, Hester."

"Oh," said Hester, with a toss of her head, "I'd jess like a few words, Missy June—jess to tell him howdy an' say I made up my mind I ain't goin' to marry him, an' he'd better hurry hisself an' make sure o' Susy Ball, or most likely he'll lib an' die a miserable ole bachelor. Dat's all."

Opened His Eyes.

Lord Mark Kerr, G. C. B., when he was commanding the Poona division in Mora some years ago vigorously encouraged soldiers' gardens. One day, taking an early stroll in muffs, he saw three or four privates raking about. Much pleased, he remarked:

"Well, my men, nice thing garden-ing is, isn't it? I see you take an interest in it."

"Do it?" surlily rejoined Tommy Atkins. "That's all you know! We have got an old general here who's mad on it, and we are here on fatigue duty in case he comes along."—London Chronicle.

The Hopping Rheumatism.

"Yes," said the old man, "poor old he wuz give over inter de han's er Satan, en Satan 'dicted him wid de hoppin' rheumatism. Fust it wuz in one place, en den it wuz another, but he went ter prayin' ter be relieve' of it, en one day, whilst it wuz a-hoppin' fun one jint ter another, it hopped into his wooden leg, an' he pulled off de leg an' throwed it in de fire, en it en de rheumatism wuz teetotally consumed."

A Generous Empress.

It is said that one morning at breakfast a general related to the emperor the misadventures of a brilliant officer who "because he had not 15,000 francs must be dishonored." While the emperor questioned further particulars Eugene flew to her room and, returning with a package of banknotes, said, "Take them, general, and never tell me his name." And his name the generous empress never knew.

Forethought.

"Right here," said the surveyor, "will be a good place for your saw-mill. The county line will run exactly through the middle of it."

"Not much," said the pioneer. "We'll have it all on one side or the other. When a man gets sawed in two I don't want no two coroners' inquests over him."

An Ingersoll Story.

John W. Mackay once invited Robert G. Ingersoll to visit the Comstock mines. As the cage descended to the furnace heat at the bottom of the shaft of one of the mines Mr. Ingersoll said, gasping for air, "Privately I always believed there was a hades somewhere, but I never dreamed it could be so hot."

A Covered Receipt.

Agent—Here, sir, is a book that should be in every family. It contains a receipt for everything, sir—everything.

Cholly—Give me three copies. If it has a receipt for my tailor's bill, I'll take five.

Osatention.

"Yes," said the woman with sharp eyes, "those people who moved in next door are inclined to make an ostentatious display of their wealth."

"In what way?"

"They go in to the corner grocery and order beefsteak in a loud tone of voice."—Baltimore American.

All Wrong.

Spouters—They say, you know, that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Henpeck—Hub! I'm sure my hand does not rule the world or even my own household.—Philadelphia Press.

Revised Version.

Sunday School Teacher—All flesh is—well, Johnny, can you tell us the golden text?

Johnny Cumsco (tenderly)—All flesh is to keep off the grass.

Lincoln Cathedral.

The Lincoln cathedral occupied ninety years in building. An English contractor has recently estimated that he could reproduce it in a few years for \$5,000,000.

CROESUS AND CUPID

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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"A fine country place, heaps of ready money—and perfect liberty! Helen, is there anything left to wish for?" Hildreth asked, laying down the lawyer's letter. Helen shrugged the least bit as she answered: "Why, yes! If only one could have been born a widow!"

"I am ready to immolate myself. Widows are easier made than born," Hildreth said, catching her hand. "Only make me your lord, Helen of Troy, and I will promise to do the disappearing act whenever you are ready."

"You don't understand. Of course I should hate being a made widow. Made widows have to wear caps, and—and people say such horrid, horrid things of them if they venture to be—oh, the least bit human—I mean not funeral. But if only one could be born to that estate, with all the grief over or softened to a becoming pensive memory, why, it would be heavenly. Widows, for all their drawbacks, have the best lives of all," Helen said, puckering her forehead the best she could. Scowling was an unknown art to her. She had laughed persistently in the face of hard fortune. Now that the tide had turned her gay courage began to ebb.

"If only I had anybody all my own, I should not mind," she went on. "But there is not a soul. Maybe I ought to be selfishly glad. If there was a soul nearer than ninth cousin, this wonderful fairy fortune would be cut in two. I cannot feel that I in the least deserve it. But only think! I can have what frocks I please and silver money for my poor people instead of pennies."

"Will it spoil you, I wonder?" Hildreth said meditatively. "You know we've always said money was the real touchstone. Any poor body can be decent; there is so little temptation to be anything else."

"I wish I knew," Helen said. "I think souls are like flowers, making the earth they grow in too rich—ruins if it does not kill them outright."

"You are not offensively rich. All told, this great-uncle's legacy foots up a quarter of a million. Spending that will never bother a person of your luxurious capacities," Hildreth said consolingly.

Helen laughed. "And I have existed on less than six hundred a year," she said. "Promise me, Vance, you will never change—the beastly money shall make no difference with us."

"It's bound to make a difference. Think of daring to ask you now to dine with me at L'Ally's!" Hildreth laughed back: "Nothing will go with you but Merry's or the Sweldorf. And I cannot eat your dinners there since I have not the coin to return them in kind."

"You are horrible!" Helen said promptly. "By way of punishment, I invite myself to dine with you tonight. Not at L'Ally's either—we'll go to that forty cent place where the coffee is so sinful that it always suggests an appeal to the police. Maybe some of the others will be there."

"All of them. It's near the middle of the week. Pay day is two days ahead for most of the gang," Hildreth answered, with a flickering smile. "Lord, I shall like to see them when they know! You are going to tell them, of course, Helen?"

"You may tell them. I shall not say a word," Helen said, setting her finger tips together. "I'm beginning to be cowardly," she went on. "Suppose it should turn out that my money costs me my friends and my illusions?"

"I hardly understand," Hildreth began.

She raised her hand. "This is my fear," she said. "All these five years I have been out in the scurry of things. I have hugged the belief that my—that people liked me for what I was, not for what I might one day become. Latterly, since Gumpsey's has asked for and exploited my stories, there has been so perceptible a warming up in some quarters it has made me a bit cynical. Now I am saying to myself, 'Suppose the money draws the sycophants to you, and the fear of seeming sycophantic drives away the real ones? That would be terrible. I hope—oh, how I hope—that those I care most for will understand, however my way of life changes, I myself shall be just the same!'"

"I shall believe it," Hildreth said, lifting her hand to his lips. "In proof, you must dine with me this night year, and at the forty cent place—if it survives so long."

"If it does not, you shall dine with me," Helen said gratefully, "and not at the Sweldorf either. It shall be deep in the country, under my own fig tree and vine."

"No; the forty cent place did not die in answer to my prayers," Hildreth said upon the anniversary of Helen's inheriting. He sat opposite her, with a broad damask snowfield between, all the breadth of it gleaming with silver and crystal. Roses lay loosely over it

—heavy headed hothouse roses grown upon the place. Helen, a vision in misty white, with pearls at her throat and richer roses at her breast, was all unlike the girl of last year. She had been trimly tailor made, yet very, very threadbare then. Somehow Hildreth found it hard to give her place to the fluffy, fluttery creature who now answered her name.

He had been absurdly fond of the tailor made girl, sinfully fond if one reflected that between them the two had had nothing certain a week. Free lances of the pen, they had been also, free companions, sentient, responsive as the wind harp to the winds, yet never by any chance sentimental.

"I suspect it died in answer to my petitions. I did not see how else I was ever to get you down here," Helen said, demurely. "Vance, you have treated me very, very badly—only three letters and two snippets of your valuable time when I came to the city. By way of penance you shall now tell me everything about everybody."

"For instance?" Hildreth said inquiringly.

Helen shook her finger at him. "You know," she said. "But by way of setting you off, who has my place at L'Ally's and the offices? Do you know Gumpsey's begged me to work exclusively for my 'discoverers'?"

"Characteristic," Hildreth said. "But as to your place, you don't really think anybody could take it. Marvel has not got done lamenting your loss to literature, and Ransom sighs for your stories of occasion."

"You flatter me," Helen said. "Ransom was always a dear. He read my things by the light of his own kindness. But tell me about the new young women. There must be new young women, who strum a guitar for you to smoke by and know, as I did, not to bother you with a word."

"Oh, there are two or three," Vance said indifferently; then, suddenly rousing: "And one of them's a corker, too—western girl, two years in civilization. If she ever quits burring her r's, yours truly will surrender at indiscretion."

"Dear, dear, this is crushing!" Helen said, pretending to hide her face. In reality she studied Hildreth from the ambush of her fingers. "If you love her very much, Vance," she said in muffled tones, "fetch her here for six months. I'll try my best to straighten out the tragic accident."

"Don't know if it's worth while," Hildreth said, drumming on the table. "There's a photo—square jawed fellow, with gimlet eyes—which keeps ward over her den. I've a sneaking suspicion the gimlet eyed is a lion in all our paths."

"Oh, he need not count. I can take care of him," Helen said, smiling wickedly.

Vance got up and went to her side. "No; you can't," he said, "for the very excellent reason that you have got to take care of me. I've been all sorts of a fool, Helen, over this blessed money."

"I knew it all along," Helen said. "How glad I am you have seen light at last!"

Women and Worry.

Granting that a woman's nerves are more apt to become deranged, to borrow a French word, than a man's are, a fact which we have no wish to try to account for, we are not at all sure that it is because she is more subject to the smaller worries of life than a man is or indeed that she is really more subject to them. It is true that the cares of the household, productive as they are of much grievance and trouble, fall chiefly upon a woman's shoulders; but, on the other hand, a man's ordinary business or profession is quite as full of small annoyances and worries which are every whit as irritating as those that beset his wife.

The difference, we should say, between the two sexes lies rather in the manner in which they meet their troubles than in the apportionment of those troubles. We would not readily dispute the theory that it is the steady and persistent pressure of these small worries which works a change in the nervous system more surely than any great and sudden trouble, just as the drop of water hollows the stone, but we are inclined to believe that the reason in this case why one stone is hollowed sooner than the other is to be found in the greater softness of the stone and not in the greater frequency of the drop.—London Spectator.

Mont Blanc Ascensions.

There have been as many as 120 ascents of Europe's highest mountain, Mont Blanc, in one year.

Steeple Pointed Caps.

Steeple pointed caps, sometimes four feet in height, came into fashion in Italy and France in 1483. They fitted the head, ran to a sharp point above, and at the end the veil was fastened.

A Monster Mushroom.

Weight 3 pounds 4 ounces, circumference 45 inches, is the description of a monster mushroom gathered at Brac-nash, near Norwich, England.

Candle Ends.

To use up candle ends collect and melt them; then add as much turpentine as you have candle grease. Let it cool and use for polishing floors and oilcloths.

Found.

A solid gold band ring found in the village may be recovered by the owner calling at this office and proving property.

For Sale.

One steam boiler, will boil seventy five gallons water per hour. Suitable for feed cooker. Complete with two galvanized tanks of thirty five gallons each, together with pipe and couplings. Price \$800 cash or stock. Inquire at HERALD Office.

School Seals.

The HERALD office is now in a position to accept orders for seals for secretaries of school districts, or others desiring official seals at popular prices. Satisfaction with every seal guaranteed.

Notice.

All settlements for Sharphead Indian Reserve land may be made at this office free of charge including all correspondence.

CLINTON C. REED.

Notice.

To whom it may concern:— All parties in arrears for taxes due the Ponoka school district No. 423 are hereby notified that Albert E. Sage has been appointed as collector for these taxes. All taxes due the district must be paid without further delay. These funds are badly needed to defray the expenses of the school and this request must be complied with.

By order of Trustees Ponoka School District No. 423.

The HERALD wishes to begin the new year with a largely increased subscription list. Especially do we desire that all adjacent to Ponoka read their local paper. As a special offer we will give every person receiving mail at this office, the HERALD from now till January 1, 1904, for one dollar.

The Local Improvement Ordinance of Northwest Territories.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of Section 66 of the Local Improvement Ordinance, the Honorable Mr. Justice Scott has appointed Thursday, the 20th day of November, 1902, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Court Room in Edmonton for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the returns made under the provisions of Section 65 of the Local Improvement Ordinance in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts, viz.

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 2, 17, 21, 22, 24, 30, 31, 35, 38, 42, 44, 45, 48, 52, 55, 69, 73, 159, 226, 228, 231, 240, 255, 401, 403, 405, 407, 422, 424, 434, 446, 451, 458, and 485.

Dated at Regina this 3rd. day of September, 1902.

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Commissioner of Public Works.

Cold Weather Is Coming.

Prepare for it by laying in your winter's supply of

Stove Wood.

Stove wood 75c per load, Pole wood \$1.00 per cord. Custom Sawing Promptly Done. W. G. MERKLEY.

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LOCAL NEWS.

\$1.00 per Annum.

The HERALD and

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Interest allowed on deposits.

A general banking business transacted.

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MORNINGSIDE

Lumber Yard

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Lumber

Lath, Shingles Building Material

Complete Stock. Low Prices.

E. H. MATTHIAS Morningside, Alta.

W. D. PITCAIRN

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Has the following Choice Properties:

FOR SALE. 180 acres south of Bonfield reserve—hay, wood and water per acre. \$5 1/2 sec. 22, 42, 23, per acre. \$7 1/2 sec. 22, 42, 25, per acre. \$5 1/2 sec. 42, 23, per acre. \$5. Several lots in Morningside. Good house and lot, Chinaman avenue. \$400. Splendid ranch near Buffalo lake, cattle horses, implements, buildings &c. \$1150. 5 lots, Smith avenue. \$425. All lot, Smith avenue. \$240. Lot with good bldg. Railway street. \$150. ne 1/4 28 43 25, Impts. \$2000. ne 1/4 28 42 22, Impts. per A \$650 (half cash.) \$1000. TO RENT. 2 good Farms close to town. Several small dwellings in town.

STOCK PUMPS.

GEO HORN,

Local Agent for The Celebrated ANDERSON Double-Acting Force Pumps.

These pumps differ in principle and construction from any others. They are positively anti-freezing and never require priming. The only pump man unaffiliated that has no sucker, no stuffing box or rods of any kind inside the conducting pipe.

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One's admiration for Webster's International Dictionary increases daily as it comes to be better known. It never refuses the information sought and it never overwhelms one with a mass of mis-information illogically arranged. The St. James Gazette of London, England, says: For the teacher, the pupil, the student and the litterateur, there is nothing better; it covers everything.

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Will visit Ponoka every...

Friday and Saturday with a view to locating permanently. When desired

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

Geo. W. Kotsen...

LACOMBE, Alta

Careful and Experienced WATCHMAKER.

Leave work with A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work after others fail. A trial Convinces.

Prices right. Work guaranteed.

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-IN-

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Reasonable prices. Easy terms. General managers Osler, Hammond & Nanton, Winnipeg. C. S. Lott, Calgary, Agent.

For maps, prices, etc. apply to

T. J. WEST, C. P. R. A., Ponoka

Merchants Bank of Canada

Head office: MONTREAL.

Capital (paid up) - \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund - \$2,600,000

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Saw Mill.

Now in Operation for the Season.

CUSTOM SAWING...

Five Dollars per Thousand.

Patronize home industry by buying your lumber at the Ponoka Saw mill.

Be sure to bring your Permits. We cannot saw your logs without.

Loewen & Co., Proprietors.

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Painting and Paperhanging is my profession and I guarantee all my work. I have located permanently in Ponoka and solicit a share of the work in my line.

My Prices are Right.

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PONOKA.

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COOK STOVES. BOX STOVES. Air-Tight Heaters

All kinds of tin work and repairing done promptly.

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New Bakery

In J. B. Barr's House South End Railway St.

Best Bread, Pastry, Fruit.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Jacob Smith.

STARKEY & CO.

Guarantee their work In all lines of...

General Blacksmithing.

Best Equipped Shop in the village.

Years of Experience in our Line

City Livery

...Feed and Sale Stable.

GOVERNMENT LAND GUIDE for the Ponoka District.

W. N. TRIMBLE PONOKA.

A Large Supply of FLOUR SALT

Just to Hand.

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

Highest Market Price Paid for GRAIN and HAY...

All kinds of FEED.

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To preserve or restore it there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripan's Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripan's Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, everyday folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripan's tablets have become their standard family remedy. They are a dependable honest remedy with a long and successful record, to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, habitual and stubborn constipation, offensive breath, heartburn, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheumatism, sour stomach, bowel and liver complaints. They strengthen weak stomachs, build up run down systems, restore pure blood; good appetite and sound, natural sleep. Everybody derives constant benefit from a regular use of Ripan's Tablets. Your druggist sells them. The 5 cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

R. I. P. A. N. S.

Singer Sewing Machine Co. Barber Shop...

E. M. PETEREIT of Leduc,

—Agent for the—

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Wetaskiwin,

Ponoka and

Part of Lacombe Districts.

Write me for repairs, needles, oil, etc. If your old machine is out of order, ask me to overhaul it. I am able to repair every make of sewing machine.

Next door to Case's Shop.

Eight Shaves \$1.00,

Hair Cut 25c.

JAKE HUBER, Proprietor.